Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a Trencher, he ſcrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaſht to, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioyn-ſtooles, remoue the Court-cubbert, looke to the Plate, good thou, ſaue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for in the great Chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be briſk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to dance, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor and could tell.

A whiſpering Tale in a faire La
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen,

Muſicke playe

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and f
More light you Knaues, and tu
And quench the fire, the roome
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſpor
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Ca*
For you and I are paſt our danc
How long iſt now ſince laſt yo
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yea
1. *Capu.* What man tis not
Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucie*
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as i
Some fiue and twentie yeares, a
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more,
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Wi l you tell me th
His ſonne was but a Ward two
Ro. What Ladie is that whi
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the To
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the ch
As a rich Iewell in an Æthiops e
Beautie too rich for vſe, for earth
So ſhewes a ſnowe Doue troopi
As yonder Lady ore her fellowe
The meaſure done, Ile watch her
And touching hers, make bleſſed
Did my heart loue till now, forſw
For I nere ſaw true beautie till th
Tib. This by his voyce, ſhould
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what d
Come hether couerd with an anti